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CHOICE LITERATURE

BOOK ONE

COMPILED AND ARRANGED

BY

SHERMAN WILLIAMS

NEW YORK STATE INSTITUTE CONDUCTOR

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

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CHOICE LITERATURE. BOOK I.

E-P 1

PREFACE

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER once said, "To teach a child to read, and not teach it what to read, is to put a dangerous weapon into its hands." The truth of this statement is now generally recognized. This series is made with reference to training its readers to love good literature.

Robert Collyer said: "I pity the boy or the girl who must grow up without having made intimate acquaintance with 'Mother Goose' and the wonderful stories of 'Jack the Giant Killer,' and 'Bluebeard,' and 'Cinderella,' and those other strange tales as old as the race itself, and yet new to every succeeding generation. They are all a part of the inheritance of the English-speaking people, and belong, as a kind of birthright, to every intelligent child."

We are very likely to mistake means for ends. Little of the work done in school is of very great value in itself. It is a means to an end, and if we miss the end, we miss most of the value. The end in reading is to learn to love good literature. One who has learned to read and yet never does any reading has not been very greatly profited. One who has learned to read and reads only light and frivolous matter is not much better off, while one who reads that which is vicious is actually the worse for having learned to read.

This series of readers has for its chief purpose the creating and fostering of a taste for good reading, therefore this volume opens with selections from "Mother Goose Melodies," as the first thing in poetry that appeals to children is the rhythm. Many other delightful poems are given as well as some of the most noted of the "Nursery Classics." There is also a short list of common proverbs and popular sayings that can be used to advantage.

The selections in this volume may profitably be read to the children again and again before they are able to read for themselves. Reading to the children is a very important factor in the work of developing a taste for good literature. When children come to read for themselves they prefer stories that have been read to them or told them, rather than matter that is wholly new. It is like meeting an old acquaintance.

The "Nursery Classics" are in most instances so old that no one is sure of their origin. It is probable that most of them are nature myths. It has been suggested that in the story of "Jack and the Beanstalk," the red hen represented the sun, the money bags the rain, and the harp the winds.

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CHOICE LITERATURE

BOOK ONE

MOTHER GOOSE MELODIES

RAIN, rain, go away,
Come again another day,
Little Susie wants to play.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing; —
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in her parlor,
Eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
There came a little blackbird
And snipped off her nose.

Thirty white horses on a red hill,
Now they tramp, now they champ, now they stand still.

One, two,
Buckle my shoe;
Three, four,
Shut the door;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen;
Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve?
Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a-courting;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a-kissing;

Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a-waiting;
Nineteen, twenty,
My stomach's empty.

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle-shells
And pretty maids all in a row.

Little Nanny Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

If all the world were apple pie,
And all the sea were ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have for drink?

This little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig had roast beef;
This little pig had none;
This little pig said, "Wee, wee,"
All the way home.

Three little children a-sliding went
Upon a summer's day;
The ice proved thin, they all fell in;
The rest they ran away.

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then,
Poor thing!
He'll sit in the barn
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

Hark! Hark!
The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags,
Some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;

Not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men,
Could set Humpty Dumpty up again.

Ba-a, ba-a, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I, three bags full;
One for my master, one for his dame,
And one for the little boy that lives in the lane.

Solomon Grundy,
Born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday,
This is the end of
Solomon Grundy.

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
If the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.

Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen;

And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

A dillar, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth without any bread;
She whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating curds and whey:
There came a black spider,
And sat down beside her,
Which frightened Miss Muffet away.

Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid.

As I went through the garden gap,
Whom should I meet but Dick Red-cap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat.
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a groat.

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Johnny shall have a new master;
He shall have but a penny a day,
Because he can't work any faster.

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
And down he run,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

How many stars are in the sky?
More than you can count or I.
How many drops are in the seas?
How many leaves are on the trees?
How many grains of sand on the shore?
Count all you can, and there are more.

Ding, dong, bell; Pussy's in the well;
Who put her in? Little Tommy Green;
Who pulled her out? Big John Stout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the rats in his father's barn.

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there is none;
If there be one, try to find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

Be you to others kind and true
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again.

He that would thrive
Must rise at five;
He that has thriven
May lie till seven.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratched out both his eyes,

And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.
The four and twenty sailors
That stood between the decks
Were four and twenty white mice
With chains about their necks.
The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And, when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! Quack!"

There was an old woman tossed in a blanket
Seventeen times as high as the moon;
But where she was going no mortal could tell,
For under her arm she carried a broom.
"Old woman, old woman, old woman," said I,
"Whither, ah whither, ah whither, so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I'll be with you by and by."

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February alone,

Which hath but twenty-eight in fine,
Till leap-year gives it twenty-nine.

When the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast;
When the wind is in the north,
The skillful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best.

Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jack jump over the candlestick.

"Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man;"
"So I will, master, as fast as I can."
"Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T;
Put it in the oven for Tommy and me."

Little Boy Blue, come, blow your horn;
The sheep are in the meadow, the cows are in the corn;
What! Is this the way you mind your sheep,
Under the haycock fast asleep?

I have a little sister, they call her peep, peep;
She wades in the waters deep, deep, deep;
She climbs the mountain high, high, high;
Poor little creature, she has but one eye.

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Let them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Pray let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed, I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
  For to catch a whale;
All the water that he had,
  Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
  If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much,
  Which made poor Simon whistle.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To draw a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

MARY'S LAMB

SARAH J. HALE

Mrs. Sarah J. Hale was born in New Hampshire in 1795. She wrote many volumes, but this little poem is all that has survived of her numerous publications.

MARY had a little lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day —
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out;
  But still he lingered near;
And waited patiently about
  Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her, and laid
  His head upon her arm,
As if he said: "I'm not afraid;
  You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
  The eager children cry;
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
  The teacher did reply.

A DEWDROP

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

LITTLE drop of dew,
  Like a gem you are;
I believe that you
  Must have been a star.

When the day is bright,
  On the grass you lie;
Tell me then, at night
  Are you in the sky?

RAIN

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1850. He is the author of many attractive poems. The best known ones are found in "A Child's Garden of Verses," copyright, 1895, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Among his many delightful prose works the most popular are "Treasure Island," "The Black Arrow," and "Kidnapped." Every boy will be delighted to read these as soon as he is old enough to appreciate them.

THE rain is raining all around;
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

POLITENESS

POLITENESS is to do or say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

THE GOLDEN RULE

From the "New England Primer."

BE you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you.

CHILD'S THOUGHT OF A STAR

JANE TAYLOR

Jane Taylor was born in England in 1783. She wrote many books. Several of her poems are still popular.

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
And the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then, if I were in the dark,
I would thank you for your spark.
I could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;

For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Guides the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

LITTLE RAINDROPS

MRS. HAWKSHAWE

OH! where do you come from,
You little drops of rain,
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
Down the windowpane?

They won't let me walk,
And they won't let me play,
And they won't let me go
Out of doors at all to-day.

They put away my playthings
Because I broke them all,
And they locked up all my bricks,
And took away my ball.

Tell me, little raindrops,
Is that the way you play,

Pitter patter, pitter patter,
  All the rainy day?

They say I'm very naughty,
  But I've nothing else to do
But sit here at the window;
  I should like to play with you.

The little raindrops cannot speak;
  But "pitter, patter, pat"
Means, "We can play on this side,
  Why can't you play on that?"

A MERE TALKER

A MAN of words and not of deeds,
  Is like a garden full of weeds.

O LADY MOON

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Christina Rossetti, an English poet, was born in London in 1830 and died in 1894. She wrote many poems for children. Among her works are "A Nursery Rhyme Book," and "Short Stories in Prose."

O LADY MOON, your horns point toward the east;
  Shine, be increased;
O Lady Moon, your horns point toward the west;
  Wane, be at rest.

AT THE SEASIDE

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

WHEN I was down beside the sea
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.

My holes were empty like a cup,
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.

From "A Child's Garden of Verses," copyright, 1895, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

MAKING A HOUSE

JOSEPHINE PEABODY

FIRST of all I draw the smoke
Trailing up the sky;
Then the chimney underneath;
And the birds all flying by;
Then the house; and every window
Watching like an eye.

Everybody else begins
  With the house. But I
Love the smoke the best of all;.
  And you don't know why!
Here it goes, — like little feathers,
  Sailing up the sky!

LITTLE THINGS

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN

LITTLE drops of water,
  Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
  And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
  Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
  Of eternity.

Thus our little errors
  Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
  Off in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
  Little words of love,
Make this world an Eden,
  Like the Heaven above.

O, LOOK AT THE MOON!

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

Mrs. Follen was born in Boston in 1787. From 1843 to 1850 she was the editor of *The Child's World.*

O LOOK at the moon,
She is shining up there;
O, mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air.

Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow,
But now she's grown bigger,
And round like an O.

WHAT DOES THE BEE DO?

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

WHAT does the bee do?
Brings home honey.
What does father do?
Brings home money.
And what does mother do?
Lay out the money.
And what does baby do?
Eat up the honey.

STOP, STOP, PRETTY WATER!

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

"STOP, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary one day,
To a bright, happy brook
That was running away.

"You run on so fast!
  I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
  You will carry away.

"But I will run after:
  Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
  You are running away."

So Mary ran on;
  But I have heard say,
That she never could find
  Where the brook ran away.

THE NEW MOON

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

DEAR mother, how pretty
  The moon looks to-night!
She was never so pretty before.

Her two little horns
  Are so sharp and so bright —
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there,
  With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you see;

I'd sit in the middle,
  And hold by both ends.
Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be!

I would call to the stars
  To keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;

And then I would rock
  Till the dawn of the day
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay
  In the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam.

We would see the sun set
  And see the sun rise,
And, on the next rainbow, come home.

WHERE GO THE BOATS?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

DARK brown is the river,
  Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever
  With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating
  Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine — boating —
  Where will all come home?

On goes the river
  And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
  Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
  A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
  Shall bring my boats ashore.

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THE WIND

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I SAW you toss the kites on high
  And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass —
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.

I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all —
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!
O you that are so strong and cold;
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song.

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FOREIGN CHILDREN

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

LITTLE Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions overseas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine;

You must often, as you trod,
Have wearied not to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.
Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

From "A Child's Garden of Verses," copyright, 1895, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

DO YOUR BEST

DO your best, your very best,
And do it every day;
Little boys and little girls,
That is the wisest way.

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL

CECIL FRANCIS ALEXANDER

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful, —
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
  Each little bird that sings, —
He made their glowing colors,
  He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
  The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly
  And order'd their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
  The river running by,
The morning, and the sunset
  That lighteth up the sky,

The cold wind in the winter,
  The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden, —
  He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
  The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
  We gather every day.

He gave us eyes to see them,
  And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
  Who hath made all things well.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!

FROM THE GERMAN

SLEEP, baby, sleep!
Thy father watches his sheep;
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down comes a little dream on thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep;
The little stars are lambs, I guess,
And the gentle moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

WHO has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;

But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

ALFRED TENNYSON

WHAT does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away."

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."

Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

EUGENE FIELD

THE Rock-a-by Lady from Hush-a-by street,
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet —
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping.

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum —
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth.

And dollies peep out from those wee little dreams —
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the mother moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-by Lady from Hush-a-by street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

From "Poems of Childhood," copyright, 1904, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE THREE BEARS

A LONG time ago there were three bears who lived together in a house of their own in a wood; one, a great huge bear, which was the father; one, a middle-sized bear, which was the mother; and a little wee bear, which was the son.

They had each a basin for their milk and honey; a great huge basin for the great huge bear, a middle-sized basin for the middle-sized bear, and a little wee basin for the little wee bear.

They had each a chair to sit on; a great huge chair for the great huge bear, a middle-sized chair for the middle-sized bear, and a little wee chair for the little wee bear.

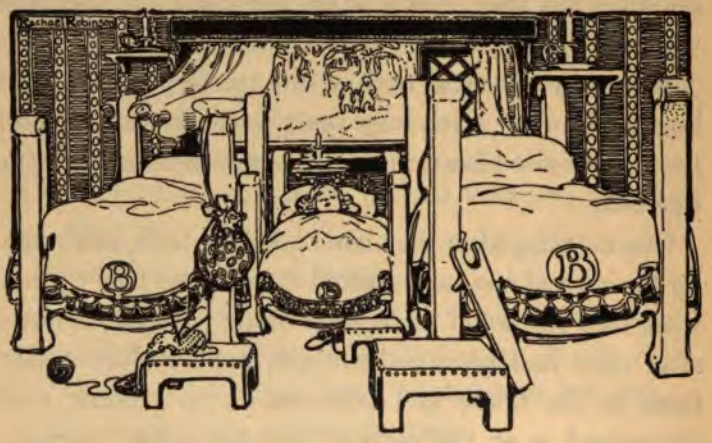
And they also had each a bed to sleep in; a great huge bed for the great huge bear, a middle-sized bed for the middle-sized bear, and a little wee bed for the little wee bear.

One morning after they had boiled the milk and honey for their breakfast, and poured it into their basins, they went into the wood to take a walk. A few minutes after they had gone, a little girl, named Golden-hair, came to the house and looked in at the window, then she peeped in at the keyhole, and not seeing anybody in the house, she lifted the latch.

The doors were not fastened, because the bears were good and honest bears, who did nobody any harm, and never thought that anybody would harm them. So little Golden-hair opened the door and went in. She was well pleased when she saw the milk and honey in the basins. If she had been a good child, she would have waited until the bears came home, when perhaps they would have asked her to take some with them, for they were good, kind-hearted bears.

But the little Golden-hair did not wait. She first tasted the milk and honey of the great huge bear, and that was too hot for her; then she tasted the milk and

honey of the middle-sized bear, and that was too cold for her; and then she tasted the milk and honey of the



little wee bear, and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just what she liked.

She took the basin in her hand and sat in a chair, which was the chair of the great huge bear, but that was too hard for her; then she sat down in the next chair, which was the chair of the middle-sized bear, and that was too soft for her; so she tried the other, which was the chair of the little wee bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just what she liked.

Then she sat down to eat the milk and honey which she held in her hand; but before she had quite finished it, the chair broke and let her fall, basin and all.

After this, little Golden-hair went upstairs into the bears' sleeping room, where she saw three beds. First she lay down upon the bed of the great huge bear, but that was too high at the head for her; then she lay down upon the bed of the middle-sized bear, and that was too high at the foot for her; and then she lay down upon the bed of the little wee bear, and that was neither too high at the head nor too high at the foot, but just what she liked; so she got snugly into it and fell fast asleep, just as the three bears came home, thinking their milk and honey would be quite cool enough.

Little Golden-hair had left the spoon of the great huge bear standing in his milk and honey.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY MILK AND HONEY," said the great huge bear in his great huge voice.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY MILK AND HONEY," said the middle-sized bear in a middle-sized voice; and then the little wee bear looked for his basin, and saw it on the floor.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY MILK AND HONEY, AND HAS EATEN IT ALL UP," said the little wee bear in his little wee voice.

Now, the three bears knew that some one must have come into their house while they were absent, and they began to look about them. Little Golden-hair had not put the cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the great huge bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR," said the great huge bear in his great huge voice like thunder. And little Golden-hair had crushed the soft cushion of the middle-sized bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR," said the middle-sized bear in a middle-sized voice.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR, AND HAS BROKEN IT DOWN," said the little wee bear in his little wee voice.

The three bears now felt sure that there was some one in the house, and they went upstairs to their sleeping room to search further.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED," said the great huge bear; for little Golden-hair had tumbled the bed and put the pillow out of its place.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED," said the middle-sized bear; for little Golden-hair had also tumbled this bed very much.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED AND HERE SHE IS," said the little wee bear in his little wee voice. Golden-hair had not been roused from her sleep by the loud voices of the great huge bear and the middle-sized bear, but the little wee voice of the little wee bear was so sharp and shrill that it awoke little Golden-hair at once.

When she saw the three bears in the room, and close to the very side of the bed in which she was sleeping, she was very much frightened. She started up and ran to the window, which was open, and jumped out. The three bears went to the window to look after her and saw her running into the woods. But she never came back to their house, and they never saw her again.

I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY

JANE TAYLOR

I LOVE little Pussy,
Her coat is so warm;
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm.

So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I
Very gently will play.

She shall sit by my side,
  And I'll give her some food;
And she'll love me, because
  I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little Pussy,
  And then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks
  For my kindness to her.

I'll not pinch her ears,
  Nor tread on her paw,
Lest I should provoke her
  To use her sharp claw.

I never will vex her,
  Nor make her displeased,
For Puss doesn't like
  To be worried nor teased.

OLD GAELIC LULLABY

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN

HUSH! The waves are rolling in,
  White with foam, white with foam;
Father toils amid the din;
  But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! The winds roar hoarse and deep, —
  On they come, on they come!
Brother seeks the wandering sheep;
  But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! The rain sweeps o'er the knowes,[1]
  Where they roam, where they roam;
Sister goes to seek the cows;
  But baby sleeps at home.

OVER IN THE MEADOW

OLIVE A. WADSWORTH

OVER in the meadow,
  In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother-toad
  And her little toadie one.
"Wink!" said the mother;
  "I wink," said the one:
So she winked and she blinked,
  In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
  Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother-fish,
  And her little fishes two.

[1] Knowes. Hillocks or knolls.

"Swim!" said the mother;
"We swim," said the two:
So they swam and they leaped,
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother-bluebird
And her little bluebirds three.
"Sing!" said the mother;
"We sing," said the three:
So they sang and were glad,
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother-muskrat
And her little muskrats four.
"Dive!" said the mother;
"We dive," said the four:
So they dived and they burrowed,
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived a mother-honeybee
And her little honeys five.

"Buzz!" said the mother;
"We buzz," said the five:
So they buzzed and they hummed,
In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother-crow
And her little crows six.
"Caw!" said the mother;
"We caw," said the six:
So they cawed and they called,
In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gay mother-cricket
And her little crickets seven.
"Chirp!" said the mother;
"We chirp," said the seven:
So they chirped cheery notes,
In the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow,
By the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother-lizard
And her little lizards eight.

"Bask!" said the mother;
"We bask," said the eight:
So they basked in the sun,
On the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow,
Where the clear pools shine,
Lived a green mother-frog
And her little froggies nine.
"Croak!" said the mother;
"We croak," said the nine:
So they croaked and they plashed,
Where the clear pools shine.

Over in the meadow,
In a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother-spider
And her little spiders ten.
"Spin!" said the mother;
"We spin," said the ten:
So they spun lace webs,
In their sly little den.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl, the prettiest ever seen. Her mother was very fond of her, and so was her grandmother. Her mother made her a little red hood which was so pretty that every one called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother, who had just made some cakes, said to her, "My dear, I have heard that your grandmother is not well. Would you not like to go and see how she is, and take her some cakes and a little pot of butter?"

Little Red Riding Hood started at once. Her grandmother's cottage was in another village, and she had to pass through a wood to reach it. When going through the wood she met a Wolf, who would have liked to eat her, but did not dare because there were some woodchoppers near by. So he asked her where she was going.

"I am going to see my grandma," said the child. "She is not very well, so I am taking her a little butter and some cheese cakes."

"Does she live a great way off?" inquired the Wolf.

"Not very far," answered Little Red Riding Hood; "she lives in a pretty cottage in the wood, just before you get to the next village."

"Well, I will not keep you any longer," said the Wolf, in a careless sort of way, "so good-by."

"Good-by," said the little girl; and the Wolf left her. Then she began to gather flowers, thinking they would please her grandmother. Now and then she would run after a butterfly, or go a little out of her way to gather nuts. The naughty Wolf ran as fast as he could to the old woman's cottage. He soon reached it, and knocked gently at the door. "Who's there?" asked a feeble voice. "It is I, Red Riding Hood," replied the Wolf; "I have brought you some cakes, and a little pot of butter from mamma." Her grandmother, who was sick in bed, called out, "Pull the string, my dear, and the latch will go up." Now this was just what the Wolf wanted to know. He had known about the house for a long time, but he did not know how to get into it. He pulled the string and opened the door. He ate the old woman up at once, for his long run had made him very hungry. After finishing his dreadful meal, he began to think how he could deceive Red

Riding Hood. He shut the door, and put on the grandmother's nightcap and nightgown, and got into bed to wait for Red Riding Hood to come. In a little while there came a rap at the door. "Who's there?" Little Red Riding Hood heard the gruff voice of the Wolf, and was frightened at first; but thinking her grandmother had a cold, said, "It is I, Grandma, Red Riding Hood. Shall I come in?"

The Wolf answered, "Yes, my dear; pull the string, and the latch will go up." So Little Red Riding Hood went in.

Setting down her basket, and putting the flowers on the table, she said, "How are you, Grandma?"

"I have a very bad cold," said the Wolf.

"I am sorry to hear that," said Little Red Riding Hood. "Mamma has sent you a little pot of butter and some cheese cakes."

"It is very kind of her," growled the Wolf, trying to hide himself closely under the bedclothes.

Startled by the voice, Red Riding Hood, in turning her basket, looked toward the bed.

"Oh, Grandma, what large eyes you have!"

"All the better to see you with, my dear," said the Wolf.

"And Grandma, what a great nose you have!"

"All the better to smell with, my dear," growled the Wolf.

"And then, Grandma, what large ears you have!"

"All the better to hear with, my dear," said the Wolf.

"And oh, Grandma! what great teeth you have!" cried the child, starting back.

"The better to eat you with," growled the Wolf, and he sprang out of bed to eat her up.

At that moment, the door of the room was burst open, and three foresters rushed in. They had seen the Wolf go into the cottage, and being afraid something might happen, had come to see if everything was all right.

Turning from Red Riding Hood, the Wolf flew at the foresters. But he was no match for three strong men. He fought savagely, but was soon killed by a blow from an ax.

Little Red Riding Hood was saved, but she never forgot her adventure with the Wolf, and she learned to be very careful in danger.

CINDERELLA, OR THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER

A LONG time ago there lived a man who had married for a second wife a very proud woman who had two daughters who were like her. The man had a daughter who had a very sweet temper, and who was as kind as could be.

The stepmother hated the daughter of her husband, and made her do the work of a servant. The poor girl had to wash the dishes, sweep the rooms, dust the furniture, and care for the rooms of her sisters. She had to sleep in the garret on a bed of straw, while her sisters had beautiful rooms.

She bore all her troubles very patiently, and did not complain to her father. When she had finished her work, she used to sit down in the chimney corner among the cinders, and so got the name of Cinderella.

Although she was ragged, while her sisters wore fine clothes, she looked much handsomer than they, and this made them angry and jealous, and they were more hateful than ever.

In the course of time the king's son gave a ball, to which many people for miles around were invited. Among the fortunate ones were the sisters of Cinderella. They were greatly excited and spent much time in selecting fine dresses.

Cinderella had fine taste and helped her sisters in choosing dresses, plaiting their ruffles, ironing their clothes, and dressing their hair. They mocked her and asked if she would not like to go to the ball.

As soon as they were gone, Cinderella sat down and cried as though her heart would break. Her godmother came in, and seeing her in tears, asked what was the matter. "I want — oh, I want —" sobbed poor Cinderella, who was not able to say another word.

Her godmother, who was a fairy, said to her, "You want to go to the ball; isn't it so?" "Oh, yes!"

said Cinderella, sighing. "Well, then," said her godmother, "be a good girl, and I will see that you go."

Taking Cinderella by the hand her godmother said, "Run into the garden and bring me a pumpkin." Cinderella wondered what this could be for, but she ran out quickly and brought in the finest pumpkin she could find. Her godmother scooped out the inside, then struck the pumpkin with her wand, and it was changed into a fine coach, all gilded with gold. She then went to the mousetrap, where she found six live mice. She told Cinderella to open the door of the trap. As each mouse came out the fairy godmother touched it with her wand and it was changed into a beautiful horse; so that Cinderella had a fine coach and six beautiful dappled horses.

The godmother said, "Here, my child, are your coach and horses, but what shall we do for a coachman? Run and see if there is a rat in the trap." Cinderella brought the trap, which contained three large rats. The fairy touched one of them and he was changed into a coachman.

Then she said to Cinderella, "Go again into the garden, and you will find six lizards behind the watering pot. Bring them to me." Cinderella did as she was told, and the fairy turned the lizards into footmen.

"There," said her godmother, "is something to take you to the ball; are you pleased with it?" "Oh, yes,"

cried Cinderella, "but must I go in these dirty clothes?" The fairy touched Cinderella with her wand and her clothes were turned into cloth of silver and gold, trimmed with jewels. When this was all done, Cinderella's godmother gave her a pair of glass slippers, the very prettiest in the world.

As Cinderella stepped into her coach her godmother told her that she must not, on any account, stay a minute past midnight, and that if she did, all her fine things would be changed back as they were before.

As Cinderella came near the palace the king's son was told that a great princess had come and he ran out to meet her. When he led her into the palace every one was silent. The dancing and music both stopped. The guests whispered to each other, "How beautiful she is!"

The ladies all looked carefully at her clothes that they might have some made like them. She danced

with the king's son, and danced so gracefully that she was admired more than ever.

A fine supper was served, but the prince was so charmed with Cinderella that he did not eat a mouthful. Cinderella sat next to her sisters, who of course did not know her. While she was talking with them the clock struck the quarter before twelve, when, remembering what her godmother had said, she rose, made a curtsy to the company, and went home.

While she was talking with her fairy godmother, her sisters came home and knocked at the door. Cinderella opened it, saying, "How long you stayed!" and pretended to yawn. "You would not be sleepy if you had been at the ball," said one of the sisters. "The handsomest princess that ever was seen was there, and she showed us much attention, and gave us oranges and citrons."

Cinderella asked them the name of the princess, but they could not tell. Cinderella smiled, and said, "She must be very beautiful. I should like to see her."

The next day the two sisters went again to the ball, and so did Cinderella, dressed even more beautifully than before. The king's son was always by her, and she was so interested that she forgot her godmother's charge, and when the clock was striking twelve she thought it only eleven. When she learned the hour, she ran swiftly from the palace, and the prince after

her. He was not able to overtake her, but she lost one of her glass slippers, which he carefully kept.

Cinderella reached home all out of breath, without coach or footmen. She was in all her old clothes, with nothing of her finery left but one glass slipper.

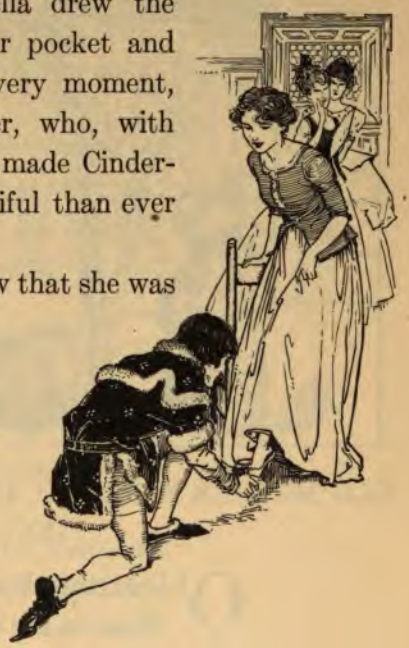
When her sisters came home, Cinderella asked them if they were as much pleased as they had been the night before, and if the beautiful princess was there again. They told her that she was, but that she hurried away at twelve o'clock, running so fast that she lost one of her glass slippers, which the king's son kept, and that he surely was in love with her.

What they said was true. The king's son said he would marry the one whose foot fitted the glass slipper. Servants were sent out to find the one whose foot would exactly fit it. It was tried on princesses, duchesses, then all members of the court, but all in vain. Then it was sent about the country to all who had been at the court. It was brought to the two sisters, who tried in vain to put it on.

While they were making the effort, Cinderella, who could not help smiling, said, "Let me see what I can do with the slipper," at which her sisters laughed aloud. "Very likely it will fit your clumsy foot," said they. The gentleman who was sent to try the slipper saw that Cinderella was very handsome, and said he had been ordered to try it on every one who wished. Then,

putting the slipper to her foot, he found that it went on very easily, and fitted her as though it had been made of wax.

The two sisters were greatly astonished, and still more so when Cinderella drew the other slipper out of her pocket and put it on. At that very moment, in came her godmother, who, with one touch of her wand, made Cinderella appear more beautiful than ever before.



Her sisters at once saw that she was the princess whom they had seen at the ball. They knelt at her feet and begged her pardon for their ill treatment of her. Cinderella forgave them gladly and asked them to love her always.

She was then taken to the palace, where the young prince received her with great joy. They were soon married, and Cinderella, who was as good as she was beautiful, took her sisters to live with her in the palace. They afterwards married two of the lords of the court, and all lived very happily.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER WONDERFUL DOG

OLD Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread;

But when she came back,
  The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
  To buy him a coffin;
But when she came back,
  The poor dog was laughing.

She went to the hatter's
  To buy him a hat;
But when she came back,
  He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
  To buy him a wig;
But when she came back,
  He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
  To buy him some fruit;
But when she came back,
  He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
  To buy him a coat;
But when she came back,
  He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
  To buy him some shoes;
But when she came back,
  He was reading the news.

She went to the seamptress'
  To buy him some linen;
But when she came back,
  The dog was a-spinning.

She went to the hosier's
  To buy him some hose;
But when she came back,
  He was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a courtsey,
  The dog made a bow;
The dame said, "Your servant,"
  The dog said, "Bow, wow."

This wonderful dog
  Was Dame Hubbard's delight;
He could sing, he could dance,
  He could read, he could write.

She gave him rich dainties,
  Whenever he fed;
And erected a monument
  When he was dead.

THE BABY

GEORGE MACDONALD

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

POLITENESS

ELIZABETH TURNER

GOOD girls and boys will never say,
"I will," and "Give me these";
Ah, no; that never is the way,
But "Mother, if you please."

And "If you please," to sister Ann,
Good boys to say are ready;
And "Yes, sir," to a gentleman,
And "Yes, ma'am," to a lady.

FAULT FINDING

"THERE is so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That it scarcely behooves the most of us,
To talk about the rest of us."

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN

WHO killed Cock Robin?
"I," said the Sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow;
I killed Cock Robin."

Who saw him die?
"I," said the Fly,
"With my little eye;
I saw him die."

Who caught his blood?
"I," said the Fish,
"With my little dish;
I caught his blood."

Who made his shroud?
"I," said the Beetle,
"With my little needle;
I made his shroud."

Who'll dig his grave?
"I," said the Owl,
"With my spade and shovel;
I'll dig his grave."

Who'll be the parson?
"I," said the Rook;
"With my little book;
I will be the parson."

Who'll be the clerk?
"I," said the Lark,
"If 'tis not in the dark;
I will be the clerk."

Who'll carry him to the grave?
"I," said the Kite,
"If 'tis not in the night;
I'll carry him to the grave."

Who'll carry the link?
"I," said the Linnet,
"I'll fetch it in a minute;
I'll carry the link."

Who'll be the chief mourner?
"I," said the Dove,
"Because of my love;
I'll be the chief mourner."

Who'll sing a psalm?
"I," said the Thrush,
As she sat in a bush;
"I will sing a psalm."

Who'll bear the pall?
"We," said the Wren,
Both the Cock and the Hen;
"We will bear the pall."

Who'll toll the bell?
"I," said the Bull,
"Because I can pull.
I'll toll the bell."

All the birds of the air
Fell to sighing and sobbing
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

THE FAIRY GIFTS

ONCE upon a time there was a widow who had two daughters. The older was so like her mother, both in looks and in temper, that those who had seen one had as good as seen both. They were so proud and disagreeable that no one could live with them. The younger was the very pattern of her father in goodness and pleasant ways, and was, besides, one of the prettiest girls ever seen.

The mother, as one might suppose, thought a great deal of her older daughter, and had a hearty dislike for the younger. She, poor child, had to work hard all day, and every day, and take her meals in the kitchen.

Twice every day she had to go to a well half a mile away and bring home a great pitcher full of water.

One day, while she was at the spring, a poor woman came and asked if she might have a drink of water. "Why, yes, good mother," said she. She took her pitcher and rinsed it and drew some clear, cool water from the well, and held it for the old woman, that she might drink the more easily.

When she had finished drinking, the woman said, "You are such a kind, good girl, and your face pleases me so well, that I must find a gift for you" (for she was a fairy, who had taken the form of a poor woman, so that she might find out whether or not she was a good and kind girl); "and this shall be my gift: for every word you speak, a flower or a jewel shall fall from your lips."

When she reached home again, her mother scolded her for being gone so long. "I am very sorry," she said, "for being so late." As she spoke, there fell from her lips two roses, two pearls, and two big diamonds.

"Why, what is this?" said her mother. "What are all these pearls and diamonds, and how did they

come here?" This was the first time her mother had ever spoken so kindly to her.

The poor girl then told her mother just what had happened, and as she was telling her, a shower of sparkling stones fell from her lips.

"Your sister shall certainly go there also," said her mother. "See, Fanny, what falls from that child's mouth! The same gift would be fine for you. You have only to go to the spring for some water, and, if a poor woman asks for some, to give it to her very politely."

"A fine sight that would be," answered she, rudely. "Indeed, I'll carry no water."

"But you shall go," answered her mother, "and that at once."

So Fanny went, scolding all the way. She took with her the prettiest silver jug to be found in the house. No sooner had she reached the spring than she saw, coming from the wood, a lady splendidly dressed, who asked her for a drink. It was the same fairy who had spoken to her sister, but she now came dressed as a princess, so as to prove how ill-natured the older sister was.

"Perhaps you think I have come here only to bring water for you," she said, impudently. "To be sure I have brought this silver jug on purpose for you to drink from! Very likely, isn't it? Get your own water if you want any!"

"You are not very polite," said the fairy, coolly. "Since these are your ways, my gift to you shall be that for every word you speak, a snake or a toad shall fall from your lips."

When her mother saw her coming back, she called to her, "How now, daughter?"

"How now, mother!" said she, rudely, and lo! there fell from her lips two vipers and a toad.

"Oh, what is this I see?" cried her mother. "This is some naughty trick of your sister's; she shall pay for it!" And she ran to bring a stick to beat her.

The poor child was frightened, and ran and hid herself in the forest near by. The king's son, who was out hunting, happened to meet her, and seeing her sweet face, asked what she was doing there all alone, and why she was crying.

"Alas! sir," she said, "my mother has driven me from home!"

The king's son, when he saw five or six pearls and as many diamonds fall from her lips, was astonished, and begged her to tell him how such a thing could be. So she told him all that had happened, and he fell in love with her at once, and thought his father must be pleased with a daughter who had such a fairy gift. He took her home to his palace and married her.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

THERE was once a poor widow who lived in a cottage in a little village. She had an only child named Jack whom she allowed to do very much as he wished. This unwise kindness led Jack to become a naughty and willful boy. He would not work, and as his mother was poor she had to sell all the things she could spare to support herself and her idle son. In the course of time, she had nothing more to sell but a cow.

With tears in her eyes Jack's mother said to him, "Your folly and idleness have brought us to want. I have not enough money to keep us another day. We must sell our cow or starve." Jack, who was not really a bad hearted boy, felt very sorry for a time, but this feeling did not last long, and as he grew hungry, he begged his mother to let him sell the cow. After much teasing on Jack's part, she consented.

As he was driving the cow along, he met a butcher who asked him where he was going with the cow. Jack said he was going to sell it. The butcher had with him a bag of beans of many colors. Jack fancied them greatly. The butcher noticed this and thought it a good chance for him to make an excellent bargain. He knew how lazy, selfish, and foolish Jack was. He offered the bag of beans for the cow. The foolish boy thought it a great offer and accepted at once. He

hurried home and told his mother what he had done. She was very angry and threw the beans away, some of them flying into the garden. She sent Jack to bed hungry.

When he woke up in the morning and looked out of his window he saw something strange, and hurried downstairs. Going into the garden he saw that some of the beans had taken root and grown wonderfully. There were many great stalks, that were so grown together that the vines looked like a large, high ladder. He could not see to the top of the beanstalk. It seemed to reach the sky. He tried to shake it, but it was firm. He made up his mind to climb it. He was so excited that he even forgot his hunger, and ran to tell his mother what he was going to do. She was not willing, but Jack had had his own way too long to listen to what his mother might say.

He started at once and climbed for hours before he reached the top. At the end of his long climb he was tired and very hungry. As he looked about he saw that he was in a desert country, where there was not a tree, shrub, house, or living creature of any kind to be seen.

Jack was very sad and greatly frightened. He thought he should starve to death. He thought of his mother and was sorry that he had not obeyed her. He walked on, hoping that he might find some one in that desert country.

After a time he saw a beautiful young woman in the distance. She was very handsomely dressed, and held in her hand a small white wand, on the top of which was a peacock of pure gold. She came near him and said: "I will tell you a story that your mother has not dared to tell you, but you must promise to do just what I tell you to do. I am a fairy, but unless you do just as I say, I cannot help you, and you will be almost certain to be killed." Jack was scared and promised to do just as he was told.

"Your father was a very rich man and a very generous one. He never refused help to the poor people about him. Not very far from your father's house lived a huge giant. He was so cruel and so wicked that all the people for miles around feared him. This wicked giant could not bear to hear any one well spoken of, and he hated your father because the people loved him. The giant vowed that he

would so injure your father that people would no longer talk of his goodness.

"One night the giant had your father murdered and you and your mother carried to a dungeon under his house. Here you were kept for a long time. The giant claimed to have a will made by your father giving him all his property. The giant took all the property, and some months after offered to let you and your mother go free if your mother would solemnly swear that she would not tell her wrongs to any one. He then sent her to a far country and left her without any money so that she could not return.

"I caused you to wish for the beans the day you met the butcher. I made the beanstalks grow so as to form a ladder. I made you wish to climb the ladder. The giant lives in this country, and you must punish him for his wickedness. Take all the goods the giant has, for they are yours. You will meet with danger. You must be very careful, for the giant is such a miser that the loss of his goods will make him furious. You must be cunning and I will help you.

"Do not tell your mother that you have learned your father's history till I see you again. Go along this road and you will soon see the house where the giant lives. Remember that I will guard and protect you only so long as you obey my commands."

The fairy disappeared. Jack went on till the sun

had set, when he came in sight of a large mansion. At the door he saw a kind looking woman, and he asked her if she would give him something to eat and a night's lodging. The woman was surprised to see Jack. She told him that no one ever came near their house, as it was known that her husband was a cruel giant who would eat human flesh when he could get it.

This story frightened Jack terribly, but he remembered what the fairy had said, and begged the woman to take him in and hide him for the night. This the good woman finally agreed to do. They entered the house and passed through a fine hall and many large rooms beautifully furnished. It did not seem as though any one lived in them.

Finally they entered a dark gallery with just light enough to show an iron grating on each side, instead of walls. These gratings opened into dungeons in which were several groaning victims which the giant had shut up there. They passed on to a kitchen where the woman gave Jack plenty to eat and drink. As soon as he had finished eating he heard a knock at the gate which was so loud as to cause the house to shake. It was the giant coming home. The woman hid Jack in the oven, and ran to let her husband in.

Jack heard the giant say in a terrible voice, "Wife! Wife! I smell fresh meat!" — "Oh, my dear!" re-

plied she, "it is only the people in the dungeon!" The giant seemed to believe her and seated himself by the fireside while his wife got the supper ready.

Jack managed to get a look at the giant through a little opening. He was surprised at the great amount of food he ate. It seemed as if he would never stop eating and drinking. After the supper was over a curious hen was brought in and placed on the table before the giant. Jack wondered what was to happen. The hen was very quiet, and every time the giant said "Lay!" the hen laid an egg of solid gold.

The giant's wife went to bed, but the giant amused himself with his hen for a long time. At last he fell asleep, and his snoring was like the roaring of a cannon.

At daybreak the giant was still asleep. Jack crept softly from his hiding place, took the hen, and ran away as fast as he could go. He easily found his way to the beanstalk, which he came down rapidly.

Jack's mother was overjoyed to see him. Jack told her that he had brought home something that would make them rich. He showed her the hen, which laid all the golden eggs they wished.

For a time Jack and his mother lived very happily, but he longed to pay the giant another visit. Early one morning he climbed the beanstalk again. He reached the giant's house late in the evening and found the woman at the gate as before. Jack told her a pitiful story and asked for a night's shelter. The woman said she had taken in a poor hungry boy once and that he stole some of the giant's treasures and she had been cruelly treated ever since. Finally, the woman led Jack to the kitchen, gave him some supper, and hid him in a lumber closet.

Soon the giant came in, ate his supper, and ordered his wife to bring him his bags of gold and silver. Jack peeped out of his hiding place and saw the giant counting his treasure. He carefully put it in bags again, and fell asleep, and snored as before.

Jack quietly crept from his hiding place, and went toward the giant. A little dog under the chair barked loudly. Much to his surprise the giant kept on sleep-

ing soundly, and the dog stopped barking. Jack seized the bags of money, left the house, ran for the beanstalk, went down it and to his cottage. His mother was absent. She was with a neighbor, very sick, and seemed to be dying, but soon recovered when told of Jack's safe return.

Jack had so strong a desire to visit the giant once more that he could not resist it. When the longest day came, he arose as soon as it was light, and climbed the beanstalk. He followed the same road as before and for the third time found the woman at the gate. Jack had disguised himself so that she did not know him, still he found it hard work to persuade her to let him in. After a time she did and Jack hid himself in a great boiler.

When the giant came home he said, "Wife! Wife! I smell fresh meat!" This did not trouble Jack, for the giant had said the same thing the other times and had been easily satisfied. This time, however, in spite of all that his wife could say he began to search all about the room. Jack was nearly dead from fright and wished himself safely at home. The giant came to the boiler but did not take off the cover.

After the giant had had his supper, he told his wife to bring him his harp. Jack peeped out and saw the most beautiful harp one could imagine. The giant put it on the table and said, "Play!" and it played itself. The

music was very sweet and Jack wanted the harp more than any of the other treasures he had taken from the giant.

The music soon put the giant asleep. Jack climbed out of the boiler and seized the harp. It had been enchanted by a fairy, and it called out loudly "Master! Master!" Jack ran. The giant woke up and followed him, but he had taken so much wine that he could only stagger along. After a time he began to recover from his drinking, and by the time Jack was at the foot of the beanstalk, the giant was at the top ready to come down. Jack took a hatchet and cut the beanstalk at the root, and the giant fell headlong into the garden and was killed.

Jack begged his mother's pardon for all the trouble he had caused her, and promised to be good and obedient forever after. He kept his word and his mother forgot all her sorrows in her happiness.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

"TO-WHIT! To-whit! To-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow, "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! To-whit! To-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole the four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, anyhow!
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, "bow-wow!
I'm not so mean, anyhow."

"To-whit! To-whit! To-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep; "oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! Baa!" said the sheep, "oh, no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To-whit! To-whit! To-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree, to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word too!

Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! Caw! cried the crow;
I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day?"

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again;
Why I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT

IN the reign of the famous King Edward III lived a little boy called Dick Whittington. His father and mother died when he was so young that he did not remember them at all. He had no home, and was a ragged little fellow, running about the streets of a country village. Not being old enough to work, he was very badly off. He usually got but little for his dinner, and sometimes nothing at all for his breakfast. The people of the village were very poor, and could spare nothing but crusts of bread, the parings of potatoes, and such food, and often there was not enough of even that to satisfy his hunger.

In spite of all this, Dick grew to be a very sharp boy. He was always listening to what was being talked about. On Sundays he was sure to get near the farmers as they sat talking in the churchyard, before the parson came. At times you might see Dick leaning against the signpost of the village alehouse, where people stopped as they came from the market town. When the barber's shop was open, Dick listened to all the news the customers told one another.

In this way Dick heard a great many strange things about the great city called London. At that time the foolish country people thought that the folks in London were all fine gentlemen and ladies, and that there were

singing and music there all the day long, and that the streets were all paved with gold.

One day a large wagon with eight horses, all with bells on their heads, was driven through the village while Dick was standing by the signpost. He thought this wagon must be going to London, so he took courage and asked the driver to let him walk by the side of the wagon. When the man heard that Dick had no father or mother, and saw by his ragged clothes that he could not be worse off than he was, he told him he might go with him if he wished.

No one ever knew how Dick managed to get food on the road, or how he could walk so far, or what he

did at night for a place to sleep in, for it was a very long way. Very likely some good-natured people in

the towns he passed through, when they saw how ragged and poor he was, gave him something to eat, and it may be that the driver let him sleep in the wagon.

However, Dick reached London safely, and was in a great hurry to see the fine streets all paved with gold, that he had heard of. He ran from one street to another, hoping every moment to come to those paved with gold. Dick had seen a guinea three times in his own little village, and remembered what a deal of money it brought in change, and thought he had nothing to do but take up some little bits of the pavement, and have all the money he could wish for.

Dick ran till he was tired, and quite forgot his friend the wagoner, but at last it began to grow dark, and everywhere he saw dirty, filthy streets. Nowhere were to be found the gold pavements. He sat down in a dark corner and cried himself to sleep. He was all night in the streets. In the morning he woke up very hungry, and walking on, asked every one he met to give him a halfpenny to keep him from starving. Nobody stopped to answer him, and only two or three gave him a halfpenny, and the poor boy grew quite weak and faint for the want of food.

At last a good-natured looking gentleman, seeing how hungry he looked, said, "Why don't you go to work, my lad?" "I would be glad to do so, but I do not know where to look for any," said Dick.

"If you are willing, come with me," said the gentleman. Dick went with him to a hayfield, where he worked busily; and he lived merrily, till the haying was done.

After this, he soon found himself as badly off as before, and one day laid himself down at the door of Mr. Fitzwarren, a rich merchant. He was almost starved; but this did not make the cook, who soon saw him, at all kind to him. She was an ill-tempered woman, and being busy getting dinner ready, called out, "What business have you there, you lazy rogue? There is nothing else but beggars. If you do not take yourself away, you shall have a sousing of dishwater. I have some here, hot enough to make you jump."

Just then, Mr. Fitzwarren came home to dinner; and when he saw a dirty, ragged boy at the door, he said, "Why do you lie there, my boy? You seem to be old enough to work; I am afraid you are inclined to be lazy."

"No, indeed, sir," said Dick to him; "that is not the case. I would be glad to work; but I do not know anybody, and I am sick for want of food."

"Poor fellow! Get up, and let me see what ails you," said the merchant.

Dick tried to rise, but he had to lie down again, as he was too weak to stand. He had eaten no food for three days, and was no longer able even to walk. The

kind merchant ordered him to be taken into the house. He was given a good dinner, and kept to help the cook by doing dirty work.

Dick would have lived very happily in this family, had it not been for the ill-natured cook, who found fault with him and scolded him from morning till night. She would strike him with her broom, and ill-use him in many ways. Some one told Alice, the daughter of Mr. Fitzwarren, of her conduct, and she told the cook that she would be dismissed if she did not treat Dick better.

From this time he was treated better; but he had another trouble. His bed was in the garret, and the floor was full of holes, and he was tormented every night with rats and mice. A gentleman having given Dick a penny for cleaning his shoes, he thought he would buy a cat with it. The next day

he saw a girl with a cat, and he offered her the penny for it. She let him have it, and told him it was an excellent mouser. Dick kept the cat in his garret, and took her a part of his dinner each day. In a short time there were no rats or mice left to trouble him.

Soon after this, his master had a ship ready to sail on a trading voyage. He let all his servants who wished to do so take some part in the venture. He called them all together, and asked each one what he would send out. Each had something to venture but Dick, who had neither money nor goods. He did not meet with the others.

Miss Alice, the merchant's daughter, suspected the reason, and had him sent for. She then said that she would put in some money for Dick; but the merchant would not allow this; he said that each one must venture his own. Dick said that he had nothing but a cat.

"Bring your cat, then, my good boy," said the merchant, "and let her go."

Dick went upstairs, and brought down poor puss, and, with tears in his eyes, gave her to the captain.

All the company laughed at Dick's odd venture. Miss Alice, who felt sorry for the boy, gave him money to buy another cat.

This and many other acts of kindness shown him by Miss Alice made the ill-tempered cook jealous of poor

Dick; and she began to use him more cruelly than ever, and always made fun of him for sending his cat to sea. She asked if he thought the cat would sell for enough to buy a stick to beat him with.

At last poor Dick could not bear such usage any longer, and he thought he would run away from his place; so he packed up his few things, and started very early in the morning, on All-hallows Day, which is the first of November. He walked as far as Holloway, and there sat down on a stone, which to this day is called Whittington's stone, and began to think which road he would take when he went on.

While he was thinking what it was best to do, the bells of Bow Church, which at that time had only six, began to ring, and he fancied their sound seemed to say to him, —

> "Turn again, Whittington,
> Lord Mayor of London."

"Lord Mayor of London," said he to himself. "Why, to be sure; I would put up with almost anything, now, to be Lord Mayor of London, and ride in a fine coach, when I grow to be a man! Well, I will go back, and think nothing of the cuffing and scolding of the old cook, if I am to be Lord Mayor of London at last."

Dick went back, and was lucky enough to get into the house, and set about his work, before the old cook came downstairs.

The ship, with the cat on board, was a long time at sea, and was at last driven by heavy winds to the coast of Barbary, where lived the Moors, a people that the English had never known before.

The people came in great numbers to visit the ship and see those who were of a different color from themselves. As they became acquainted, they were eager to buy the fine things with which the ship was loaded. When the captain saw this, he sent patterns of the best things he had to the king of the country, who was so much pleased with them, that he sent for the captain to come to his palace. Here they were placed, as is the custom of the country, on rich carpets marked with gold and silver flowers. The king and queen were seated at the upper end of the room, and a number of dishes were brought in for dinner. They had not sat long, when a vast number of rats and mice rushed in, helping themselves from almost every dish. The captain wondered at this, and asked if these vermin were not unpleasant.

"Oh, yes," said they, "and very destructive. The king would give half his treasure to be freed from them; for they not only destroy his dinner, as you see, but they attack him in his chamber, and even in bed, so that he must be watched while he is sleeping, on account of the rats and mice."

The captain jumped for joy, for he remembered

poor Whittington and his cat; and he told the king that he had a creature on board the ship that would kill all these rats and mice. The king heaved such a sigh of joy at this, that the turban dropped off his head. "Bring this creature to me," said he; "vermin are dreadful in a court, and if this creature will do what you say, I will load your ship with gold and jewels in exchange for her."

The captain, who knew his business, took this chance to speak of the great merits of the cat. He told his majesty that it would be inconvenient to part with her, as when she was gone, the rats and mice might destroy the goods in the ship, but to oblige his majesty he would bring her. "Run, run!" said the queen; "I am in a hurry to see the dear creature."

Away went the captain to the ship; and while he was gone another dinner was prepared. The captain, with the cat under his arm, soon returned to the palace. As he entered, the table was full of rats, and as soon as the cat saw them, she jumped from the captain's arms and in a few minutes killed many of the rats and mice, and the rest fled to their holes in fright. The king and queen were charmed to get rid of such a plague so easily, and desired to see the creature that had done them so great a service. The captain called out, "Pussy, pussy, pussy," and she came running to him. He handed her to the queen, who started back with fright, being afraid

to touch a creature that had made havoc with the rats and mice; however, when the captain stroked the cat and called, "Pussy, pussy," the queen also touched her and said, "Putty, putty," for she could not speak

English. The captain then put her on the queen's lap, where she purred, played with her majesty's hand, and sung herself to sleep.

The king, having seen what the cat could do and being told that her kittens would, in time, drive all the rats and mice out of the country, bargained with the captain for the whole ship's cargo, and then gave him ten times as much more for the cat.

The captain then took leave of the king and set sail for England. Having fair winds, they soon reached London.

One morning Mr. Fitzwarren had just come to his countinghouse and seated himself at his desk, when somebody came, tap, tap, at the door. "Who's there?" said Mr. Fitzwarren. "A friend," answered the other; "I come to bring you good news of your ship *Unicorn*."

The merchant opened the door, and there stood the captain and the factor with a cabinet of jewels and a bill of lading. The merchant thanked heaven for so prosperous a voyage.

They then told him the story of the cat, and showed a rich present which the queen had sent Dick. As soon as the merchant heard of this, he called to his servants:

> "Go bring him — we will tell him of the same;
> Pray call him Mr. Whittington by name."

Mr. Fitzwarren now showed himself to be a good man; for when some of his servants said so great a treasure was too much for Dick, he answered, "God forbid I should deprive him of the value of a single penny."

He then sent for Dick, who was scouring pots for the cook and was very dirty.

The merchant ordered a chair set for him; and Dick

began to think they were making game of him, and begged them not to play tricks with a poor simple boy, but let him go again to his work.

"Indeed, Mr. Whittington," said the merchant, "we are all quite in earnest, and I most heartily rejoice in the news these gentlemen have brought you. The captain has sold your cat to the king of Barbary, and brought you in return more riches than all I possess in the world. I wish you may long enjoy them."

Mr. Fitzwarren then told the men to open the treasure that they had brought. He then said, "Mr. Whittington has nothing to do but put it in some place of safety."

Poor Dick was so overcome with joy that he hardly knew how to behave himself. He begged his master to take what part of it he would, since he owed it all to his kindness.

"No, no," said the merchant; "this is all your own, and I have no doubt that you will use it well."

Dick next asked his mistress, and then Miss Alice, to accept a part of his treasure, but they would not, and at the same time told him how happy they were because of his good fortune.

But the poor fellow was too kind-hearted to keep it all to himself, so he made a present to the captain, to the mate, and to each of Mr. Fitzwarren's servants, even to the ill-natured cook.

After this, the merchant advised him to send for

proper tradesmen to dress him like a gentleman, and told him that he was welcome to come and live in his house till he could provide himself with a better one.

When he was washed, had his hair curled and his hat cocked, and was dressed in a nice suit of clothes, he was as handsome and genteel as any young man who visited at Mr. Fitzwarren's; so that Miss Alice, who had once been so kind to him and thought of him with pity, now looked upon him as fit to be her sweetheart; the more so, no doubt, because he was always thinking what he could do to please her, and was constantly making her the prettiest presents.

Mr. Fitzwarren saw their love for each other, which he approved. They were soon married. At the wedding they were attended to church by the Lord Mayor, the court of aldermen, the sheriffs, and a great number of the richest merchants of London, whom they afterwards provided with a very rich feast.

History tells us that Mr. Whittington and his lady lived in great splendor and were very happy. They had several children. Whittington became sheriff of London, also mayor, and received the honor of knighthood by Henry V.

The figure of Sir Richard Whittington with his cat in his arms, carved in stone, was to be seen till the year 1780 over the archway of the old prison of Newgate, that stood across Newgate Street.

BLUEBEARD

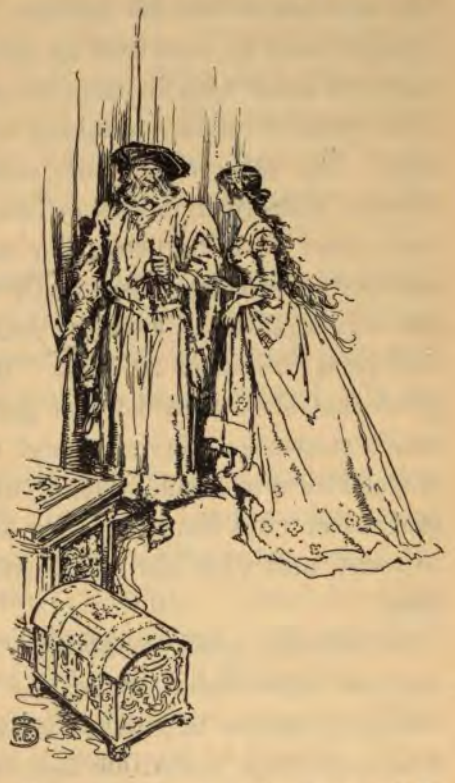
ONCE there lived a man who had elegant houses both in town and country. His furniture was very beautiful. His chairs and sofas were covered with flowered satin, his dishes were of silver and gold, and his carriages were covered with gilt.

With all his wealth he was not happy, for he had a blue beard, which made him look so ugly and frightful that every one was afraid of him.

One of his neighbors was a lady who had two handsome daughters. Bluebeard asked her to give him one of them for his wife, leaving her to choose which it should be. Both daughters refused to have him. They not only thought him so very ugly, but he had had several wives, and no one knew what had become of them.

Finally Bluebeard invited both the young ladies, with their mother and some of their young friends, to spend a week at one of his country houses. He made their stay very pleasant. There was feasting and dancing and music; there were parties to go hunting and fishing. Everything was made so pleasant all the time that the youngest daughter began to think her host's beard was not so very blue, after all, and that he was a very pleasant person. And not long after their return to town they were married.

After they had been married a month, Bluebeard said to his wife one morning that he must go upon a journey that would keep him from home at least six weeks, as his business was very important and could not be intrusted to another. He told his wife to try to enjoy herself in his absence. He told her to invite her friends and take them into the country and have a merry time.



"Here," said he, "are the keys of the two great galleries; these are the keys to lock up the gold and silver dishes that we use only on feast days; those open the caskets where my jewels are kept; and here is the master key that opens all the rooms. Look well at this smallest one, for it is the key of the closet at the end of the long gallery downstairs; open

everything, go everywhere; but as for this little closet, I forbid you to enter it. I forbid you so strictly that if you should chance to open it, there is nothing you might not expect from my anger."

She promised faithfully to obey him. He kissed her and started on his journey. Her neighbors and friends came to visit her, as they wished to see the splendid house with its elegant furniture. They went from room to room, admiring everything that they saw. The tapestries, sofas, sideboards, tables; the mirrors with their frames of silver and gold were all much finer than anything they had ever seen. They admired everything and greatly envied their friend. She was anxious to visit the secret closet, which she had been forbidden to enter. Her curiosity was so great that she rudely left her guests and ran down a secret staircase. Having found the closet door, she stopped for a moment, thinking what her husband had said to her; but the temptation was too strong for her to resist, and with fear and trembling she opened the door.

At first she could see nothing, because the window shutters were closed. After she became used to the dim light, she saw that the floor was covered with blood stains, in which trailed the feet of many dead ladies, whose bodies were suspended around the walls. These were the wives whom Bluebeard had married and mur-

dered. She was ready to sink with fear, and the key of the closet, which she had drawn from the lock, fell from her hand.

Coming to herself, she picked up the key, locked the door, and went to her room, filled with terror. She saw that the key was stained with blood and tried to wipe it off, but the stain remained. It was in vain that she scrubbed it with sand and brick dust, the blood still remained and would do so, for it was an enchanted key and could not be made clean; when the stains were washed from one side they would appear on the other.

Bluebeard came back that very evening, saying he had received letters on the road which put an end to his business. His wife was greatly frightened, but tried to make him believe that she was delighted with his return.

The next day he asked for the keys, and she gave them to him with such a trembling hand that he guessed at once what had happened. "Why is the key of the closet not with the rest?" said he. "I must have left it on my table upstairs," she replied. "Be sure that you bring it to me by and by," said Bluebeard.

After many delays the key was brought. Bluebeard, having turned it over, said to his wife, "How came this blood upon the key?" "Indeed, I do not know," said she, her face white with fear. "You do

not know!" answered Bluebeard; "I do, right well. You have been into my closet. Very well, Madam, you shall go in again, and take your place with the ladies you saw there."

She threw herself at her husband's feet, weeping, and begged his pardon for her fault, and showed her sorrow for her action. It seemed as though her appearance would soften a stone, but Bluebeard's heart was harder than that, and he was not moved at all. "You must die, Madam, at once," said he. "If I must die," said she, looking up at him with streaming eyes, "give me a little time to say my prayers." Said Bluebeard, "I will give you ten minutes, and not one moment more."

Bluebeard left the room, and when she found herself alone, she called to her sister, and said, "Sister Anne, go up to the top of the tower, I pray you, and see if my brothers are coming; they promised to come to see me to-day; and if they are in sight, beckon them to come quickly." Her sister went up the tower, and from time to time came the call from below, "Sister Anne, do you see any one coming?" Her sister answered, "I see nothing but the green grass and the sunshine."

In the meantime Bluebeard was calling out, "Come down, or I shall go up for you." His wife replied, "Yet one little moment, I pray you!" Then she

called out softly, "Sister Anne, do you see any one coming?" and the answer was the same as before.

Bluebeard, holding a great scimiter in his hand, had grown very impatient, and called out, "Come down quickly, or I shall have to bring you!" "I am coming," replied his wife. Then she cried again, "Sister Anne, do you see any one coming?" "I see," said Anne, "a great cloud of dust coming this way." "Is it my brothers?" "Alas, no, sister, it is only a flock of sheep." "Come down! Come down!" shouted Bluebeard. "Yet one little moment!" answered his wife. And then she called, "Anne, Sister Anne, do you see any one coming?" "I see two horsemen riding toward me, but they are still a great way off." "Heaven be praised," cried she a moment after; "they are my brothers, and I am beckoning with might and main for them to hasten."

Bluebeard now began to shout so loud that the house shook. The poor lady went down and fell on her knees before him, her face soiled with tears and her

hair flying loose. Bluebeard roared, "No use, Madam; you shall die." Then taking hold of her hair with one hand, he raised his scimiter to cut off her head. The poor lady turned towards him, and looking up with eyes of terror, begged for one moment more to prepare her-

self. "No, no," said he, "this is your last moment." Then raising his arm for the stroke, suddenly there was heard such a loud knocking at the gates that Bluebeard stopped. The door opened, and in came two knights, who, sword in hand, rushed toward him. He saw at once that they were his wife's brothers, and turned to flee, but he was soon overtaken and killed. His poor

wife was nearly dead, not having enough strength left to rise.

However, she was soon well again, and as Bluebeard had no heirs, she had all his wealth. She gave a part of this to her sister Anne, and a part to her two brothers. Some time afterward she married a man whose kind treatment made her forget her narrow escape from a horrible death.

NONSENSE ALPHABET

EDWARD LEAR

A WAS an ant
Who seldom stood still,
And who made a nice house
In the side of a hill.
Nice little ant!

B was a bat,
Who slept all the day,
And fluttered about
When the sun went away.
Brown little bat!

C was a camel;
You rode on his hump;

And if you fell off,
You came down such a bump!
What a high camel!

D was a duck
With spots on his back,
Who lived in the water,
And always said "Quack!"
Dear little duck!

E was an elephant,
Stately and wise:
He had two tusks and a trunk,
And two queer little eyes.
Oh, what funny small eyes!

F was a fish
Who was caught in a net;
But he got out again,
And is quite alive yet.
Lively young fish!

G was a goat
Who was spotted with brown:
When he did not lie still
He walked up and down.
Good little goat!

H was a hat
Which was all on one side;
Its crown was too high,
And its brim was too wide.
Oh, what a hat!

I was some ice
So white and so nice,
But which nobody tasted;
And so it was wasted.
All that good ice!

J was a jug,
So pretty and white,
With fresh water in it
At morning and night.
Nice little jug!

K was a kite
Which flew out of sight,
Above houses so high,
Quite into the sky.
Fly away kite!

L was a lily,
So white and so sweet!
To see it and smell it
Was quite a nice treat.
Beautiful lily!

M was a man,
Who walked round and round;
And he wore a long coat
That came down to the ground.
Funny old man!

N was a net
Which was thrown in the sea
To catch fish for dinner
For you and for me!
Nice little net!

O was an orange
So yellow and round:
When it fell off the tree,
It fell down to the ground.
Down to the ground!

P was a Polly,
All red, blue, and green, —
The most beautiful Polly
That ever was seen.
Poor little Polly!

Q was a quail
With a very short tail;
And he fed upon corn
In the evening and morn.
Quaint little quail!

R was a rabbit,
Who had a bad habit
Of eating the flowers
In gardens and bowers.
Naughty fat rabbit!

S was the sugar-tongs,
Nippity-nee,
To take up the sugar
To put in our tea.
Nippity-nee!

T was a tortoise,
All yellow and black:
He walked slowly away,
And he never came back.
Torty never came back!

U was an urn
All polished and bright,
And full of hot water
At noon and at night.
Useful old urn!

V was a veil
With a border upon it,
And a ribbon to tie it
All round a pink bonnet.
Pretty green veil!

W was a watch,
Where, in letters of gold,
The hour of the day
You might always behold.
Beautiful watch!

Y was a yew,
Which flourished and grew
By a quiet abode
Near the side of a road.
Dark little yew!

Z was the zebra,
All striped white and black;
And if he were tame,
You might ride on his back.
Pretty striped Zebra!

FIVE OUT OF ONE SHELL

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

This selection and others in the succeeding volume from the same author are by Hans Christian Andersen, a Danish writer who was born in 1805, and died in 1879. He wrote tragedies and poems, but is most widely known as a writer of stories for children.

These tales have been translated into many languages. There are many editions in cheap form. You should own his fairy tales if possible. They are original, sweet, and pure. The selections given will give you a good idea of the style in which they are written.

THERE were five peas in one shell. They were green, and the pod was green, and so they thought

all the world was green, and that was just as it should be. The shell grew and the peas grew.

The sun shone without and warmed the husk, and the rain made it clear and bright. It was mild in the bright day and in the dark night, just as it should be, and the peas as they sat there became bigger and bigger, and more and more thoughtful, for something they must do.

"Are we to sit here forever?" asked one. "I'm afraid we shall become hard by long sitting. It seems to me there must be something outside." And weeks went by. The peas became yellow, and the pod also.

"All the world's turning yellow," said they, and they had a right to say it. Just then they felt a tug at the shell. The shell was torn off, passed through little hands, and fell down into the pocket of a jacket, along with other full pods.

"Now we shall soon be opened!" they said; and that was just what they were waiting for. "I should like to know who of us will get farthest!" said the smallest of the five. "Yes, now it will soon show itself." "What is to be will be," said the biggest.

"Crack!" the pod burst, and all the five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. There they lay in a child's hand. A little boy was clutching them, and said they were fine peas for his pea shooter, and he put one in and shot it out.

"Now I'm flying out into the wide world; catch me if you can!" And he was gone. "I," said the second, "I shall fly straight into the sun. That's a shell worth looking at, and one that just suits me." And away he went.

"We'll go to sleep wherever we are sent," said the next two, "but we shall roll on all the same." And they did roll and fell down on the ground before they got into the pea shooter, but they were put in for all that. "We shall go farthest," said they.

"What is to be will be," said the last, as he was shot out of the pea shooter, and he flew up against the old board under the garret window, just into a crack which was filled with moss and soft mold, and the moss closed round him; there he lay, held fast, but not forgotten.

In the little garret lived a poor woman, who went out in the day to clean stoves, chop wood, and to do other hard work of the same kind, for she was strong and liked to work. But she was always poor; and at home in the garret lay her only child, who was very ill and weak; and it seemed as if she could not get well.

"She is going to her little sister," the woman said. "I had only the two children, but it was not an easy thing to care for both, so the good God took one to himself to care for; now I should be glad to keep the

other that was left me; but I suppose they are not to remain apart."

But the sick girl did not go. She lay quiet all day long, while her mother went to earn money out of doors.

It was spring; and early in the morning, just as the mother was about to go out to work, the sun shone through the little window, and threw its rays across the floor, and the sick girl fixed her eyes on the lowest pane in the window. "What may that green thing be that looks in at the window? It is moving in the wind."

And the sick girl's bed was moved nearer the window, so that she could always see the growing pea; and the mother went forth to her work.

"Mother, I think I shall get well," said the sick child in the evening. "The sun shone in upon me to-day so warm and bright. I shall get well soon, and get up and go out into the warm sunshine."

"God grant it!" said the mother, but she did not think it would be so; but she took care of the little green plant which had given her child the pleasant thoughts of life, so that it might not be broken by the wind.

She tied a piece of string to the window sill and to the upper part of the frame, so that the pea might have something around which it could twine when it shot up; and it did shoot up; one could see how it grew every day.

"Why, here is a flower coming," said the woman one day; and now she began to hope that her sick child would get well. In the last few days she had sat up in bed of her own will, and had sat upright, looking with her eyes full of delight at the little garden in which only one plant grew.

A week after, for the first time, she sat up for a whole hour. Quite happy, she sat there in the warm sunshine; the window was open, and outside, before

it, stood a pink pea blossom, fully blown. The sick girl bent down and gently kissed the pretty leaves.

"The Heavenly Father himself has planted that pea, and made it grow, to be a joy to you, and to me also, dear child," said the glad mother; and she smiled at the flower as if it had been a good angel.

But about the other peas? Why, the one who flew out into the wide world and said, "Catch me if you can," fell into the gutter on the roof, and found a home in a bird's crop.

The two lazy ones got just as far, for they, too, were eaten up by the birds, and thus, at any rate, they were of some real use; but the fourth, who wanted to go up into the sun, fell into the sink, and lay there in the dirty water for weeks and weeks.

But the young girl at the garret window stood there with gleaming eyes, with the rosy hue of health on her cheeks, and folded her thin hands over the pea blossom and thanked Heaven for it.

THE DAISY

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

IN the country, close by the road, stood a summer-house. Before it was a little garden with flowers, and all around it a fence. Close by it, by the ditch, in the midst of the green grass, grew a little Daisy.

The sun shone as warmly and as brightly upon it

as upon the splendid garden flowers, and so it grew from hour to hour.

One morning it stood in full bloom, with its little shining white leaves like rays around the little sun in the middle.

It never thought that no man would see it down in the grass, and that it was a poor little flower. No, it was very merry, and looked up at the warm sun and heard the Lark singing, high in the air.

The little Daisy was as happy as if it were a great holiday; and yet it was only a Monday. All the children were at school; and while they sat on their benches, learning, it sat on its little green stalk, and learned also from the warm sun, and from all around, how good God is.

And the Daisy was very glad that everything it felt was sung so sweetly by the Lark. It looked up with love to the happy bird who could sing and fly. But it was not sorry because it could not sing and fly, also.

"I can see and hear," it thought; "the sun shines on me and the forest kisses me, and I am very happy."

In the garden stood many tall, stiff, rich flowers, who held their heads very high that they might be better seen. They did not notice the little Daisy outside there, but the Daisy looked in at them the more, and thought, "How rich and beautiful they

are! Yes, the pretty birds fly to them and visit them. I am glad that I stand so near to them, and can enjoy the sight of their beauty!"

And just as she thought that, "Keevit!" down flew the Lark. But not down to the great, rich flowers; no, down into the grass to the Daisy, who started so with joy, that it did not know what to think.

The little bird danced round about it, and sang, "Oh, how soft the grass is! And see what a lovely little flower, with gold in its heart, and silver on its dress!" For the yellow point in the Daisy looked like gold, and the little leaves round it shone silvery white.

How happy was the little Daisy! No one can think how happy! The bird kissed it with his beak, and sang to it, and then flew up again into the blue air.

The Daisy looked at the other flowers in the garden, for they had seen the Lark kiss and speak to the little flower, and they must have known what a joy it was.

But the tulips stood up twice as stiff as before, and they looked quite red, for they were angry. The poor little flower could see very well that all the flowers were angry, and that hurt it very much.

At this moment there came into the garden a girl, with a great sharp, shining knife. She went straight up to the tulips, and cut off one after another of them.

"Oh," said the Daisy, "this is dreadful! Now it is all over with them."

Then the girl went away with the tulips. The Daisy was glad to stand out in the grass, and to be only a poor little flower.

It felt very grateful; and when the sun went down it folded its leaves and went to sleep, and dreamed all night about the sun and the pretty little bird.

Next morning, when the flower again stretched out all its white leaves, like little arms, toward the sky and the light, it heard again the voice of the bird, but the song he was singing was sad.

Yes, the poor Lark was very sad; he was caught, and now sat in a cage close by the open window.

He sang of happy and free roaming. He sang of the young, green corn in the fields, and of the journey he might make on his wings high through the air.

The little Daisy wished very much to help him. But what was it to do? Yes, that was very hard to find out.

Just then two little boys came out into the garden. One of them carried in his hand the knife which the little girl had used to cut off the tulips.

They went straight up to the little Daisy, who could not at all make out what they wanted.

"Here we may find a fine piece of turf for the Lark," said one of the boys; and he cut out a square patch round about the Daisy, so that the flower stood in the middle of the piece of grass.

"Tear off the flower," said one boy. "No, let it stay," said the other; "it looks so pretty."

And so it was put into the Lark's cage. But the poor bird sang sadly, and beat his wings against the wires of his prison house.

And the little Daisy could not speak — could not say a kind word to him, gladly as it would have done so.

"There is no water here," said the Lark. "They have all gone out, and have forgotten to give me anything to drink. My throat is dry and burning. Oh, I must die, and leave the warm sunshine, the fresh green, and all that God has made."

Then the poor bird saw the Daisy, and he nodded to it, and kissed it, and said: "You also must die

here, you pretty little flower. They have given you to me with a little patch of green grass on which you grow, instead of the whole world, which was mine out there!

"Every little blade of grass shall be a great tree

for me, and every one of your sweet leaves a great flower. You only tell me how much I have lost."

"If I could only help him!" thought the little Daisy. It could not stir a leaf, but sent such a stream of perfume from its leaves that the lark noticed it, and was grateful. He had already eaten all the green blades of grass, in his pain, but did not touch the flower.

Night came, and no one brought the poor bird a drop. Then he stretched out his pretty wings, and

his head sank down toward the flower, and his heart broke.

Then the Daisy could not fold its leaves and sleep as it had done the night before. It drooped sadly to the earth.

The boys did not come till the next morning. When they found the bird dead, they were very sorry and cried for a long while. Then they dug him a little grave and planted pretty flowers on it.

While the Lark was alive and sang they forgot him, and let him sit in his cage and suffer. But now that he was dead he had flowers and many tears.

But the patch of earth with the Daisy in it was thrown out into the highroad. No one thought of the flower that had felt the most for the little bird and would have been so glad to help him.

WINTER JEWELS

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN

A MILLION little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees,
And all the little maidens said,
"A jewel, if you please!"
But while they held their hands outstretched
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away.

ROBIN REDBREAST

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

GOOD-BY, good-by to Summer!
For Summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun.
Our Thrushes now are silent,
Our Swallows flown away, —
But Robin's here, in coat of brown,
With ruddy breast-knot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin singing sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian Princes,
But soon they'll turn to Ghosts;
The scanty pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough,

It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,
  'Twill soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
  O Robin dear!
And Welaway, my Robin,
  For pinching times are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
  The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
  And moan all round the house;
The frosty ways like iron,
  The branches plumed with snow, —
Alas! In Winter, dead and dark,
  Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
  O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
  His little heart to cheer.

OCTOBER

DORA READ GOODALE

OCTOBER glows on every tree,
  October shines in every eye,
While up the hill and down the dale
  Her crimson banners fly.

THE TWO LITTLE KITTENS

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN

TWO little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight;
One had a mouse, and the other had none,
And that's the way the quarrel begun.

"I'll have that mouse," said the biggest cat,
"*You'll* have that mouse? We'll see about that!"
"I *will* have that mouse," said the eldest son,
"You *shan't* have the mouse," said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night,
When these two little kittens began to fight;
The old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down on the mat at the door,
While the old woman finished sweeping the floor.

Then they crept in, as quiet as mice,
All wet with the snow, and as cold as ice,
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and fight.

THE NORTH WIND

OLD ENGLISH RHYME

THE north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow;
And what will the Robin do then, poor thing?
He'll sit in the barn, and keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing!

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow;
And what will the Swallow do then, poor thing?
Oh! Do you not know that he's gone long ago
To a country much warmer than ours, poor thing?

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow;
And what will the Honeybee do, poor thing?
In his hive he will stay till the cold's gone away
And then he'll come out in the spring, poor thing!

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow;
And what will the Dormouse do then, poor thing?
Rolled up like a ball, in his nest snug and small,
He'll sleep till warm weather comes back, poor thing!

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow;
And what will the Children do then, poor things?
When lessons are done, they'll jump, skip, and run,
And play till they make themselves warm, poor things!

THREE COMPANIONS

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK

WE go on our walk together —
Baby and dog and I —
Three little merry companions,
'Neath any sort of sky:
Blue as our baby's eyes are,
Gray like our old dog's tail;
Be it windy or cloudy or stormy,
Our courage will never fail.

Baby's a little lady;
Dog is a gentleman brave;
If he had two legs as you have,
He'd kneel to her like a slave;
As it is he loves and protects her,
As dog and gentleman can;
I'd rather be a kind doggie,
I think, than a cruel man.

THE SUNBEAM

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN

SEE that little sunbeam
Darting through the room,
Lighting up the darkness,
Scattering the gloom.

Let me be a sunbeam
Everywhere I go,
Making glad and happy
Every one I know.

THE LITTLE BOY'S GOOD NIGHT

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

THE sun is hidden from our sight,
The birds are sleeping sound;
'Tis time to say to all, "Good night!"
And give a kiss all round.

Good night, my father, mother dear,
Now kiss your little son;
Good night! My friends, both far and near,
Good night to every one.

Good night! Ye merry, merry birds,
Sleep well till morning light;

Perhaps if you could sing in words,
  You would have said, "Good night!"

To all my pretty flowers, good night!
  You blossom while I sleep;
And all the stars that shine so bright,
  With you their watches keep.

The moon is lighting up the skies,
  The stars are sparkling there;
'Tis time to shut our weary eyes,
  And say our evening prayer.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

THIS is the house that Jack built.

  This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,

That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER

SABINE BARING GOULD

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Through the long night watches
May Thine angels spread

Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

THE INDUSTRIOUS MANIKINS

GRIMM BROTHERS

A SHOEMAKER, who lived in a little town, had become so poor that he had only enough leather left to make one pair of shoes. He was a good man and worked very hard, but was very unfortunate.

One evening he used the last of his leather in cutting out a pair of shoes. It was late when this was done, and he was very tired.

When he arose next day and went to his work, he was surprised to find the shoes finished and lying on the table. They were beautifully made, the work being much better than the shoemaker himself could possibly have done. A customer who came in was so pleased with the shoes that he paid much more than the usual price for them. This enabled the shoemaker to buy enough leather for two more pairs.

He cut out and prepared the leather in the evening, as he had done before, that he might begin his work

early in the day, but, as the day before, when he arose and went to his shop, he found on his table the completed work. They were so fine and so well made that they were soon sold at a high price.

He now had money enough to purchase leather for four more pairs. This he cut out and laid aside as before and in the morning there were four pairs finished and ready for sale. So this went on till the shoemaker became a rich man. One night, after cutting out shoes, the shoemaker said to his wife: "My dear, I should like to find out who these good creatures are who help us every night in this way. Suppose we sit up and watch!"

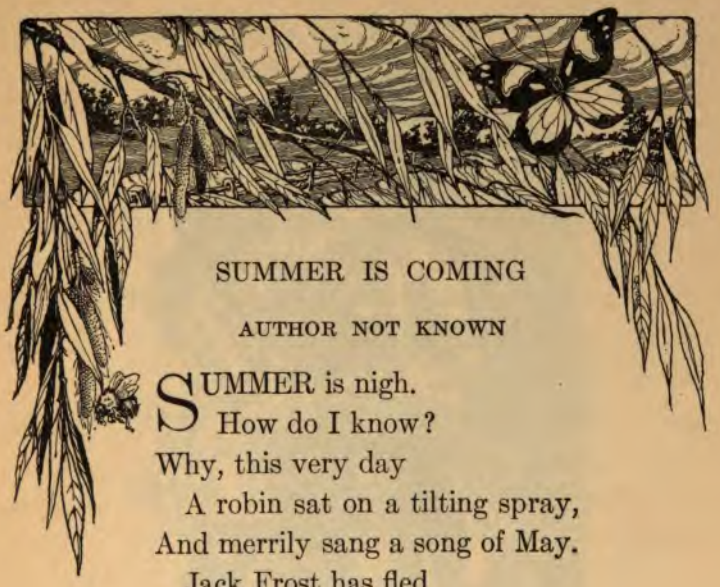
They hid themselves and watched with the greatest interest. As the clock struck twelve, two little fairies, without any clothes, came into the room. They sat on the shoemaker's table, and stitched, sewed, and hammered so swiftly that the shoemaker could hardly follow their motions with his eyes. They were not idle for a moment. As soon as all the shoes were completed, they skipped off the table and disappeared.

In the morning the wife said to her husband: "These little men have made us so rich that we ought to do something for them in return for their kindness. I think they must be almost frozen going about naked. I will knit them some stockings, and make them some clothes, and you must make them some little shoes."

So one evening when the clothes and shoes were ready, the shoemaker did not cut out any work, but, instead, placed the two suits of clothes on the table. When the fairies came and found the clothes for them instead of more work to do, they dressed themselves hastily. They were very happy. They danced and jumped about the room, singing:—

> "Happy little men are we,
> Smartly dressed, as you can see,
> No more shoemakers to be."

The shoemaker was always prosperous after this. He was never sick. He always had money for leather, and many customers who paid him well for his work.



SUMMER IS COMING

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN

SUMMER is nigh.
How do I know?
Why, this very day
A robin sat on a tilting spray,
And merrily sang a song of May.
Jack Frost has fled
From the rippling brook,
And a trout peeped out
From his shady nook.
A butterfly, too,
Flew lazily by,
And the willow catkins
Shook from on high
Their yellow dust,
As I passed by;
And so I know
That summer is nigh.

GENERAL WASHINGTON

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN

WHEN General Washington was young,
About as big as I,
He never would permit his tongue
To tell a willful lie.

Once when he cut his father's tree
  He owned it to his face;
And then his father ardently
  Clasped him in his embrace.

He told his son it pleased him more
  To find him own the truth,
Than if his tree were bending o'er
  With rich and golden fruit.

Then like this good and noble youth,
  Whose virtues ever shone,
I'll seek the paths of love and truth,
  And all my faults will own.

THE BUTTERFLY

ADELAIDE O'KEEFE

THE Butterfly, an idle thing,
  Nor honey makes, nor yet can sing,
As do the bee and bird;
Nor does it, like the prudent ant,
Lay up the grain for times of want,
  A wise and cautious hoard.

My youth is but a summer's day;
Then like the bee and ant I'll lay

A store of learning by;
And though from flower to flower I rove,
My stock of wisdom I'll improve,
Nor be a butterfly.

THE LITTLE PLANT

EMILIE POULSSON

By permission of the author

IN my little garden bed
Raked so nicely over,
First the tiny seeds I sow,
Then with soft earth cover.

Shining down, the great round sun
Shines upon it often;
Little raindrops, pattering down,
Help the seeds to soften.

Then the little plant awakes!
Down the roots go creeping.
Up it lifts its little head
Through the brown earth peeping.

Higher and higher still it grows
Through the summer hours,
Till some happy day the buds
Open into flowers.

THE STARS

MAY MOORE JACKSON

DO you know what the little stars do at night?
They play on a deep blue hill.
Mother Moon watches to keep them in sight,
For they're never, never still.

Do you know what the little stars do at dawn?
They sink in a sun-kissed sea,
And there they sleep till the day is gone,
As still as still can be.

THE BUBBLE

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

SEE the pretty planet!
Floating sphere!
Faintest breeze will fan it
Far or near.

World as light as feather,
Moonshine rays,
Rainbow tints together,
As it plays.

Drooping, sinking, falling,
Nigh to earth;

Mounting, whirling, sailing,
  Full of mirth.

Life there, welling, flowing,
  Waving round;
Pictures coming, going,
  Without sound.

Quick now, be this airy
  Globe repelled;
Never can the fairy
  Star be held.

Touched — in a twinkle
  Disappears,
Leaving but a sprinkle
  As of tears.

WEATHER SONG

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN

WHEN the weather is wet,
  We must not fret.
When the weather is cold,
We must not scold.
When the weather is warm,
We must not storm, —
But be thankful together,
Whatever the weather.

A MAY SONG

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN

A MERRY little maiden
In the merry month of May
Came tripping o'er the meadow
As she sang this merry lay:

"I'm a merry little maiden,
My heart is light and gay,
And I love the sunny weather
In the merry month of May.

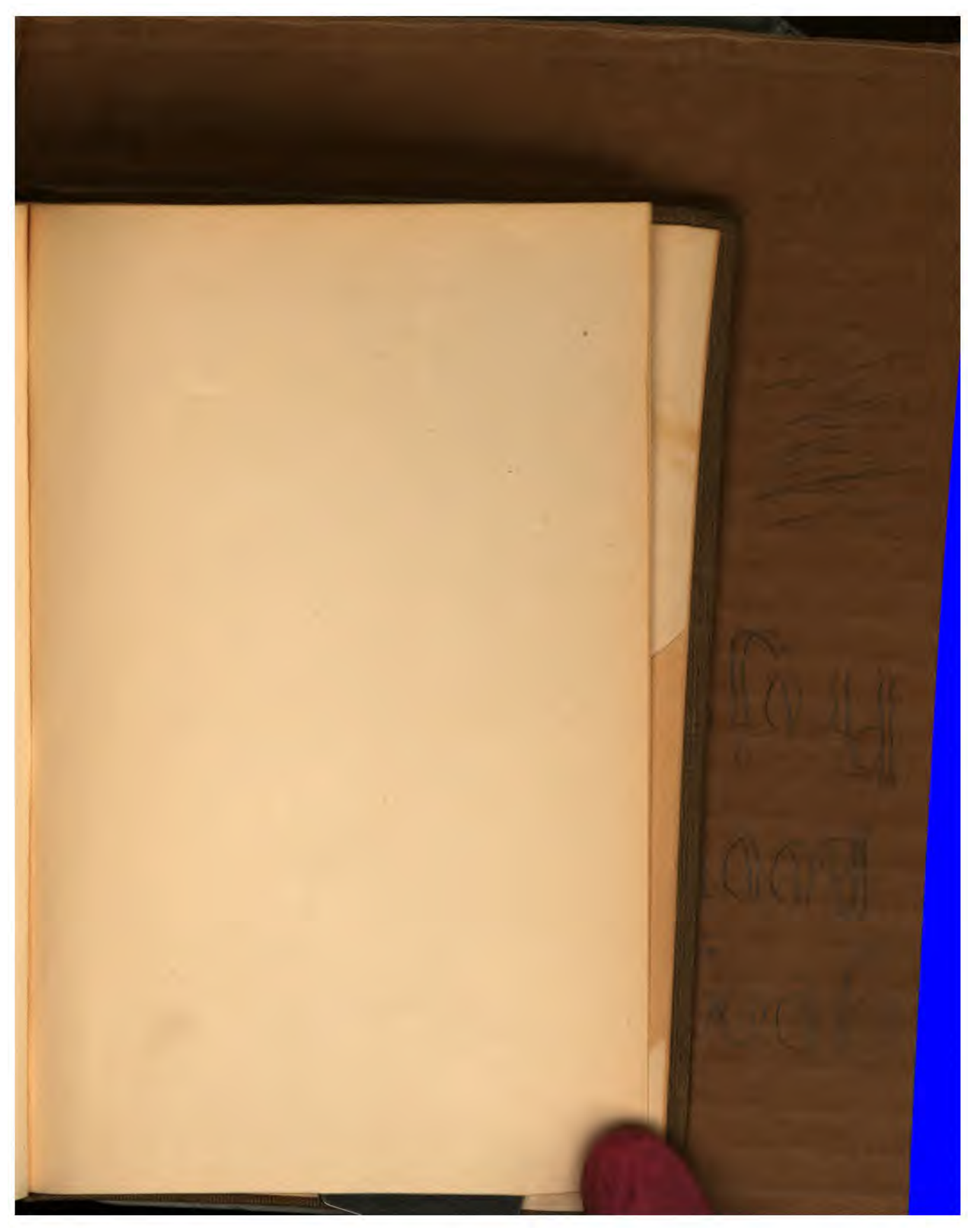
"I love the little birdies
That sport along my way,
And sing their sweet and merry songs
In the merry month of May.

"I love my little sisters
And my brothers every day;
But I seem to love them better
In the merry month of May."

PROVERBS AND POPULAR SAYINGS

Waste not, want not.
As blind as a bat.
Out of the frying pan into the fire.
Penny wise and pound foolish.

No man can serve two masters.
Many hands make light work.
No smoke without some fire.
Not worth a pin.
As true as steel.
It never rains but it pours.
Look before you leap.
It is never too late to mend.
As dark as pitch.
Let them laugh that win.
It is a long road that has no turn.
It is easier to pull down than to build up.
As sweet as honey.
Half a loaf is better than no bread.
You have put the cart before the horse.



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